

## In the Smart Little Trap

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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"And he has the smartest looking trap you ever saw, Madge! It's champagne colored and a perfect love. What do you bet I don't land him, trap and all, before the summer's down by?"

Miss Irene Warden, a beauty and aware of it, was writing to her girl chum concerning the bachelor who had just taken the big colonial house with the carriage road and iron archway which for several seasons now had abandoned hope of matrimony.

She was writing by an open window where the cool breeze came up from the front garden. Beyond lay the pretty tree lined road over which the bachelor and his champagne colored trap had just flown by.

"Although I've told you his name is Horace Matlock," ran on Miss Warden's pen, "I haven't told you what he looks like. He's an old man, forty or fifty, I should say. His nose is rather too big, although people call him handsome, and he's a bit bald, but, then, I suppose most men who live in big houses and drive smart traps have big noses. What?"

Miss Warden smiled a little soft smile into the glass above her dressing table and then bent over her portfolio again:

"Of course I'd prefer dear old Tom. He's young and stunner and sings college songs so beautifully, but, as you know, he hasn't a red! And I really must do something this summer, Madge. My already meager allowance will be cut considerably in the autumn, for in September he's going to enter the matrimonial game himself—a horrid, designing widow too! So I must step lively, in the parlance of street car officials."

"In point of fact, though," pursued the voluble pen, "it'll be pretty easy, plain sailing. I haven't a single good looking rival up in this out of the way place except old Professor Thornton's daughter, and she's the quietest poke of a girl—a regular stay-at-home. And as for dressing—well, Madge, you and I spend as much on our gloves and veils, I reckon, as she does on her whole outfit. That's what comes from having a bookworm for a father."

The next week in the little village postoffice a friend presented Mr. Horace Matlock to Miss Irene Warden. Apparently the meeting was by accident, but Miss Warden felt her smooth cheeks flush, and her habitual composure was ruffled for a second, while, for his part, Mr. Matlock scarcely looked at her and, having passed his conventional "glad to meet you," lifted his hat politely, and walked out to his smart little trap.

"I had on my chic voile, the one Aunt Tessie sent me from Paris, you know," wrote Miss Warden to Madge, "and my big white hat with flapping fuchsias. But it was all rank waste." She couldn't understand it. Her dreams hadn't ended that way at all. One day in the tiny little bank Mr. Horace Matlock stopped short as he recognized a stooped, gaunt figure with a patrician face.

"Why, it's Professor Thornton, isn't it?" he cried, stepping up to him with a cordially outstretched hand.

When Matlock years ago had entered Yale as a freshman Thornton had been tutoring, and quite a friendship had sprung up between them. Subsequently they had lost track of each other. But the satisfaction of the younger man in meeting the older one again was genuine.

"Poor old professor! How thin and worn and aged he's become!" thought Matlock as he drove the professor home to his modest little cottage.

Out in the cottage's side yard by the hollyhocks a girl was picking a great bunch of sweet peas for the lunch table. When she heard the smart little trap stop at the gate she looked quickly up from the blossoming vines and wondered. Who was the distinguished looking stranger? And where had he picked up dear daddy?

A few days later Matlock drove up to the cottage again. It was only decent, he told himself, that he should show the professor some attention and take him driving now and then. Perhaps some day also he would take the professor's daughter. He liked her. He liked the natural, unadorned way in which she had acknowledged her father's presentation of him, with her sleeves rolled up and her arms full of sweet peas; he liked the width between her eyes; he liked the breadth of her brow, the lines of her mouth. She was less pretty than many young girls, but there was about her a freshness, a sweetness, that pleased him, and he had noticed that her figure in her simple little gown was well molded and slim.

One evening toward twilight, when out in the open lawn bats were whirling aimlessly and tirelessly, Matlock dropped in upon the professor to make him a little call. He had fetched him his afternoon mail as pretext. While they were sitting out on the porch from the shadowy little parlor came the first chords of Beethoven's beautiful "Moonlight Sonata."

"That's Cynthia," said Professor Thornton in answer to his guest's start of surprise. "She's never too tired, no matter how hard or long the day has been, to play that sonata for me in the evening. I love it above all other written music, and she never forgets."

Then while the tree toads droned their harmonies he told Matlock a little about his daughter—how four years ago he had suffered a paralytic stroke and she had been obliged to leave school in her graduating year and nurse him night and day with untiring

sweetness; how, when their summer income was exhausted a year back, she had begun to make use of her musical skill and give lessons on the piano. And when the professor told of Cynthia's triweekly trips to Adams, the nearest town, his silvered head went down on his coat sleeve, and in the gloaming behind the honeysuckles the two men were silent.

Presently they smoked their usual cigars and indulged in their usual conversation—newspaper topics chopped fine by individual opinion, a good deal of politics, a little of art and science. Last of all, Cynthia came out.

"Delighted!" she said, going prettily up to Matlock with outstretched hands. "While you two have been gossiping I've been remembering your weakness for tea and have drawn you a cup. Will you come in, or shall we have it out here?"

They went in. Near the little fern screen a dropcase was a tea table and in its array of polished silver and china. The hanging lamp shed the rich, soft glow of olive oil, and there was an air of intimate homelikeness about everything. Matlock had been a stranger to that sort of thing for so long that it sent a kind of thrill shivering through him. After all, to have a cozy tea table and a slim white hand to incline in yours—Cynthia's hands were slim and white enough as they moved among the china in the half light. He pulled a chair close for the professor, and then sat down himself.

Before Mr. Horace Matlock went to bed that night he remembered that on the morrow Cynthia Thornton was to drive with him in his champagne colored trap. How it would harmonize with her soft hair before the ambitious sun touched it to gold! What a dear, womanly little treasure of a girl! Brightness she was, anyhow!

"Cynthia only returned from Adams the next day a half hour before her drive and was, consequently, a bit tired. She was not one to make conversation, and the quiet and beauty of the scenes streched out before her made her very silent. Matlock, as he handled the reins, watched both her and the landscape. There was a certain peace about them both. And peace was, above all things, what he wanted."

The next day Miss Warden wrote to her girl chum again:

"In the beginning of the summer, Madge, dear, I wrote you that a certain matrimonial venture would be 'easy, plain sailing.' Alas! I'm afraid I shall never find port—not, at least, with my bachelor up on the hill. And in the name of wonders, who of all people do you suppose has taken the wind out of my sails? Cynthia Thornton, the old bookworm's daughter! He had her out driving in that little beauty of a trap three times during the last week to my knowledge! I'm afraid Cupid isn't very kind to me. You'll find I'll die an old maid after all, unless Tom!"

At this point Miss Warden's pretty teeth absently caught the top of her penholder, while she looked dreamily toward the sunny, tree lined street. Then she began to hum.

As she started on the fourth bar of her song a champagne colored trap skidded by. It was the charming bachelor, and by his side was Cynthia Thornton.

A Mussulman's Ideas.

A respectable and honest Mussulman—and of course there are millions of Mussulmans entitled to that description—will not swallow alcohol if he knows it, even for the good of his health; will not lift "the harem veil," even if lifting it is essential to the life of his wife or daughter; will not take out an insurance, even when failure to do so is ruinous to him in a business competition, and will not in a country ruled by Mussulmans from any motive whatever short of a necessity such as destroys freedom of will accord equality to men of any other faith. In these respects he is a "fanatic"—that is, he will act upon the precepts of his creed as interpreted by its doctors without reference to any other consideration, and especially without reference to convenience or to the opinions, moral or otherwise, of men of any other faith. A Mussulman's creed is for him the operative law, as custom is for a Chinaman or a caste rule for a Hindoo, or duty for a good Englishman, or that which is convenient for a respectable Frenchman, and though there are points upon which he will break the law, especially for gain, there are also points, especially those we have mentioned, upon which he will not—rather will be chopped in pieces or chop you and take all consequences serenely.—London Spectator.

His Too Thoughtful Wife.

Several physicians were relating how carefully their wives looked after their interests and how diplomatic they were in saving them from doing unnecessary night work. One doctor gave an instance demonstrating how the best laid plans of men and mice oft miscarry.

"When I got home this morning at 3 o'clock, dead tired from attending to a trying case," he remarked, "I almost dreaded to look at the hall table, upon which my wife always leaves a note when there is an urgent call. I was naturally delighted to find that I did not have another call to make and at once hurried to my bedroom and, without lighting the gas, undressed in the dark and tumbled into bed."

"My head touched something on the pillow. I lighted the gas to investigate and found that my thoughtful wife had pinned there a note, so that I should not fail to see it, informing me that I was wanted at once without fail to call on a distant patient as soon as I arrived home, no matter at what hour."—New York Press.

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Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

MARCUS S. CRANE.

ESTATE OF ANNIE O. DOWD, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

EDWIN A. WHITE.

Notice of Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Rosanna Brower, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

EDWIN A. RATHNER, Executor.

Notice of Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Rosanna Brower, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

WILLIAM G. MOOLINCHY.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, survivor of the last will and testament of Lyman B. Kent, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

JOHN Q. KEAY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM P. CONKLIN, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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FREDERICK L. KELLEY, Jr.

ESTATE OF JANE LAW, DECEASED.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

DAVID OAKER.

ESTATE OF MARY A. ROBINSON, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

HENRY T. ROBINSON.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, executor of the last will and testament of Moses F. Sigler, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of May next.

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SECOND ANNUAL

## Photo Prize Contest

For Amateur Photographers.

Six prizes will be awarded by Hahne & Co. in a contest among amateur photographers, which will end August 19th at noon. Any amateur who presents a photograph taken by himself (or herself) with a salescheck from our Photo Supply Department will receive a card containing the registered number of the exhibit.

Subjects may be figures, landscapes or genre studies, not larger than 5x7 inches; all prints must be mounted. The work will be received and placed on exhibition in our Photography Department (Second Floor). Decision will be rendered by a committee consisting of three well-known competent Newark photographers, on Saturday, September 2, 1906.

THE PRIZES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

\$15 for best picture.	\$2 for first honorable mention.
\$10 for second best.	\$2 for second honorable mention.
\$5 for third best.	\$2 for third honorable mention.

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